

TO A CITY SWALLOW

Wyatt, Edith, 1873-1958

Over the height of the house-top sea, silver and blue and gray,
A swallow flies in my city skies and cries of my city May.

Up from the South, swallow, fly to the North, over the roof-top miles,
The pillaring stacks and the steam-cloud racks and the telegraph's argent files.
Rich man's and poor man's and beggar man's town, odors of pine and pitch.
Marbles and chalk on the hop-scotch walk, and racketing rail and switch.
Over a thousand close-housed streets with a million steps arow,
Where the nurses walk and the children talk and the light-gowned women go;
Dock-roof and dive-roof and prison-house roof, pebbled and buff and brown.
Cry me the manifold souls' abodes and the roads of my trading town.

For more to me is the house-top sea, where your hooked wings fall and soar,
Than all of the echoes you trail for me of your Spring on a woodland shore.
Oh, care-free you flew to the crocused North, when the breath of the first Spring woke;
And not of the ways of the jasmine far, but the hours that are, you spoke;
And free as you flew to the melting North a myriad springs ago
A myriad more and a myriad more will buoy you swift from the snow.
To cry of the stir of the hours that are, as you cry through my day to me.
Through the amethyst of the bright-whirled mist, over a roof-top sea,
Where some window will open afar, afar, and some woman look out and say:
A swallow flies in my city skies and cries of my city May!